

Fals. I would it were bed-rime, *Hell*, and all wel.
Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.
Fals. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his
day: what need I be so forward with him that calls not on me?
Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Ho-
nour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour set to
a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the grieve of a wound? no,
Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then, no: What is Honour? a
Word: what is that word Honour? A mere trimme reckoning.
Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Doth he feele it? no:
doth he heare it? no: 'tis insensible then? yea, to the dead; but
will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detractiō will not sus-
fer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and
so ends my Catechisme. *Exit.*

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.
Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know; *Sir Richard,*
The liberall kind offer of the King,
Vre, I were best hee did.
Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not possible, it cannot bee,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
Hee will suspect vs still, and find a time,
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes,
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who neuer so tame, so cherisht, and lockt vp,
Will haue wilde trickes of his ancessors:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And wee shal feed like Oxen at stall,
The better cherisht, till the neerer death.
My Nephews trespass may bee wel forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge.
A haire-brand *Hotspur*, governd by a spleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,

We

We as the spring of all, shall pay for all
Therefore good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
In any case, the offer of the King. *Enter Hotspur.*
Ver. Deliuier what you will, Ile say so. Here comes your Cou-
Hot. My Vncle is returnd, (In
Deliuier vp my Lord of *Westmerland*.
Vncle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently.
Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Westmerland*.
Hot. Lord *Douglas*, goe you and tell him so.
Dow. Mary and shall very willingly. *Exit Dow.*
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of your grieuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that, he is fore-sworne,
He calls vs Rebels, Traytors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Dow.*

Dow. Arme, Gentlemen, to armes, for I hauethrowne
A braue defiance in King *Henries* teeth;
And *Westmerland* that was ingag'd, did beare it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell me, tell me,
How shewd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,
Valeffe a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercise and prooffe of armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your desertings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,

Mes